ATTITUDES ASSUMED BY DEV-OTEES OF THE DIVINE ART.

Attitudinizing so a Part of the Busisess-The Musical Director and the Drum Major-The Plantst and the Cornet Player.

An Art of Itself. Exactly why musical performers should feel it their duty to attitudinize es well as to play or sing is one of those curious problems presented by the complexity of our civilization to which a definite answer is not easy to give, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Music, according to the most highly inspired of poets, is a heavenly gift, appealing directly to the soul, while the striking of attitudes is an earthly acquisition, calued through much practice and appealing to nothing in particular, unless It may be in an indirect way to the pocketbooks of the beholders. It is quite possible that at some time in the history of the divine art, men and womon played and sang without posing in such a way as to attract more attention by their attitudes than by their music, but that day, if it ever existed, has long gone by, and music at present is as much a matter of pose as of tone. and appeals in many cases quite as strongly to the eye as to the ear. It is quite possible that this fact may have grown out of the conscious superiority



SIGNOR SCRAPERELLL.

that every musician and singer feels in regard to all other persons, no matter what class, rank or condition-the feeling that one divinely endowed with the gift of music should take precedence of all others of the human race. Nor does this feeling demand, as a previous condition, much of an endowment, for it may sometimes be observed among musical folk that the less they know about music the more conceited they are apt to be about their at tainment in this direction, as the leading soprano in a volunteer church choir often gives herself more airs than Patti, and the old darky who fiddles for all the dances in a country neighborhood not infrequently regards his own musical attainments as more profound than those of l'aganini.

Leaving the quantity and quality of musical knowledge and skill out of the question for the time being, however, the attitudes struck by musical people of different lines furnish a curious and exceedingly interesting subject of study, as going to show that the musical art of the present day is felt and acknowledged to be as much a matter of pose as of melody or harmony. That this statement is true is readily susceptible of proof. No artist would be willing to play or sing behind a screen for an audience in front. It is possible that, persuading himself under such cir. cumstances by a sort of legal fiction, he was quite alone, the planist might pour forth his soul through his finger tips. and give much better renditions of the works he sought to interpret than he would when consciously playing for effect, but he would not be willing to try. No orchestra, no body of singers, would be willing to go through their performance behind a curtain, unseeing and unseen, and yet, theoretically, this ought to be the most satisfactory methed of rendering a musical work, for, in this case, the singers and players would be undisturbed by the sight of the sea of faces before them, and the audience could enjoy the music without having their attention called away by the perconality of the performers. No more than the singers and players, however, would the audience be satisfied with the screen and curtain arrangement, for



the people who gather at a concert want to see how the chorus looks, and ugly as those of the grand opera chorus, and what sort of person the prima donna assoluta is, and what she has on, and how it fits, and how many men are in the male chorus, and how wide they can open their mouths. Even a theater

HOW MUSICIANS POSE where the music is merely subordinate finite vacuity, so that the women in the hands and his mouth full, and, though nd incidental to the main attraction. want to see the orchestra, gaze upon the bald back of the leader's bald head. watch the facial convulsions of the man whose business it is to pierce the



atmosphere with the upper notes of the piccole, and sympathize with the man who extracts dying groans from the double base. So the posing business seems to be quite satisfactory to both artists and their audiences, and so long as each party is content, it is not easy to see why any one else has a right to com-

Of musical folk, the most competent posers for effect are the artists of the lyric drama. Posing is their business, and not infrequently they devote more attention to their attitudes than to their nusic, as reckoning that any deficiency in the latter will be condoned by the audience on account of proficiency in the former. They have abundant facilities for exercising all their gifts in this direction, and the only criticism that can be justly made on their efforts is that they fall into regulation attitudes. which are in accordance with the traditions of the stage, and have been in use so long that they have come to be considered indispensable to the proper rendition of the part. Nobody, for instance, ever saw an actor play the heavy villain without bending his legs at a sharp angle and walking about on the stage as though afflicted with chronic anchylosis of the knee joints for crooked knee joints and heavy villainy go together, and the former naturally suggest the latter. So, no one ever saw a lover and his sweetheart on the lyric stage wind up an amorous duet without leaning against each other, the hands of the heroine clasped in an attitude of wild despair, while the hero throws one arm around her clinging form and extends the other in midair, while the twain jointly emit a ch that makes you involuntarily feel for your scalp. It is not madness; it is merely attitudinizing, and the clos er they lean together and the more carplercing the concluding yell the more ardent is the expression of their undying affection and the greater their detestation of the deep-dyed villain with

Next in posing ability to the operatic artists come the planists. They do not



enjoy the same facilities for posing, be cause, being confined by the nature of their art to one spot, they cannot caper about the stage and transfix the audience with astonishment at their ability to turn round on their toes a dozen times without once falling down, but they make the most of their opportunities, under all the circumstances, really do very well, and from their initial triple bows to the boxes and parquet to their "Exit, Right," furnish their patrons with a very passable show. Lady planists are always expected to furnish a preliminary entertainment with their gloves, which, after spending half an hour in pulling on in the dressing room. require five minutes to pull off after being seated at the plano. The gentlemen of this profession, not wearing gloves on entering, do a little stage business with the piano. No matter where it is placed, it is always a little too far one way or the other, and the services of the two uniformed Matebeles appertaining to the establishment must be brought into requisition to make it right, while the planist cheerfully tackles the bossing of the job. Of course, they always push it too far, and then pull it back too far, so that a good deal of careful manipulation is re quired to place it exactly right; but the planist does not object to working over time, the audience is always patient, for they know perfectly well what to expect, and that it is quite impossible for the artist to play until his instrument has been successfully established over a certain crack in the floor, and the Matebeles have nothing to say about it, so everybody is satisfied. Confinement to the plano stool after the manual and pedal performance has acwhether its members are as old and tually begun does not limit, though it hampers, the posing of the performer. | nightly thumps a drum on the street as Before actually beginning the program a means of grace, the blind man who than I expected," replied Willie Wishhe may run over the keys, and then

give the stool a hitch as the stage sailor does his pantaloons; during thoughtful,

audience may see how intense is his inspiration, and during the Scherzo he may sway back and forth, throw his coat talls about and kick under the plane as though driving out an imaginary canine which had taken refuge there, and all these gyrations will be regarded as the outward and visible signs of an inward and musical genius. They are looked for by the audience. who have made up their minds to en dure them as placidly as possible, knowing that they are absolutely essential to the proper rendition of a plano composition, whether Nocturne by the dreamy Chopin, Moonlight Sonata by the rugged Beethoven, or Rhapsodic Hongroise by the incomprehensible

The director of a musical organization, no matter of what grade, has opportunities for posing somewhat superior to those of the planist and some what inferior to those of the operation hero, and is allowed liberties not permitted to either of the others. It is understood that he is always to keep the audience waiting for five minutes after the last straggling fiddler has straggled in, taken his seat and tuned his fiddle. This is the director's privilege and he avails himself of it to the uttermost He takes it for granted that the public will be sufficiently entertained by its tening to the tone as given out by the clarionet man, and immediately suc ceeded by scrapings and blowings in every key that Bach discovered for the well-tempered clavichord, so he relies on the rest of the orchestra to furnish the fun for a reasonable, sometimes an unreasonable, time, then enters with a strut as dignified as that of a turkey gobbler and as imposing as that of a peacock, hears with satisfaction the thunder of applause given by a tired audience glad of any change, and with deprecatory bow calmly appropriates to himself the credit due the entire organization.

The drum major is commonly regard ed as a caricature of the orchestra di rector, but this is a mistake. He is an



institution of himself, the darling of the street, the envy of the policeman, the admiration of all beholding small boys, who feel that to be a drum major is greater than to be a king. Every street band is properly gauged by the drum major, and the bigger this personage, the taller his mighty hat, the longer his big-headed cane and the more tricks he can do with it without letting it fall | charge that gave him his first hope of the better the band. He is strictly or- an election, as he felt confident that namental, for his cane keeps no time. and after its first premonitory jab into the atmosphere as a signal for the band to turn itself loose on the public, none of the players pay him the slightest attention. But for this fact he cares nothing, as it is generally understood that he owns, in fee simple, not only the band, but also the whole parade which it precedes; that, in fact, the public demonstration has been arranged in his honor, and especially that he may allow the glories of his uniform to

gladden the eyes of his fellow-men.

Compared with the drum major, the artist who comes before the public with an Amati or Stradivarius under his arm is a mere trifler in the art of posing. He does his best, it is true, stands first on one foot, then on the other. while he delicately tunes his lyre, so to speak, and waits for the plane man to get up steam, and then gracefully sways back and forth as he tortures his unfortunate instrument into emitting shricks of agony, but his opportunities are limited, and unless he breaks a string, thus gaining a chance to show what a variety of squeaks he can com pel the others to utter, he is at a discount. Even the cornet man is better off than he, for the professional whose interest and pleasure it is to stuff wind into an E flat cornet is able to distort his face, roll up his forehead into laps and assume an expression of intense agony that never fails to excite the sympathy of all beholders. His rival in this form of spectacular entertain ment is the man with the big born, who makes faces, not from choice, but of necessity; for the labor of filling so keeping it full is so great as to draw drops of perspiration from even the



all the list he poses least in a conscious way, but most unconsciously. He has not time to think of posing, for if he did his horn would get empty and surcease from its labors. The man who uses an accordion in his efforts to at ington. "So you have at last attempted tract the attention of the charitable and to ride?" "No; I haven't gone quite uses an accordion in his efforts to at induce them to pay him to stop, may that far. But I don't believe I'm quite tender passages he may lift his eyes pose in a humble way, and frequently as much afraid of it as I used to be."growd, in a place of entertainment heavenward, as though gazing into in- do so, but the big horn blower has both Washington Star.

innocently a spectacle, is, unconscious ly, an object of sympathetic regard. He might pose if he could, but he can-not. He alone, of the whole musical fraternity, makes no conscious effort to



serves more than even the drum major. for without a big born the largest orchestra would be a thing unbalanced and out of joint.

Thomas Corwin.

Thomas Corwin was born in 1794. In his prime, life in this country had a local, bucolle, and primitive flavor, which in politics was grotesquely exaggerated. Clay was commended to the people by the fact that he was the "mill-boy of the slashes;" in the campaign of 1840 the Whigs showed their love of the people and their sympathy with simplicity of life in public men by putting up log-cabins and serving out hard cider from them; Corwin, having had to find employment in early life by driving a wagon-load of provisions for the army in the war of 1812, was, later on, favorably known in politics as "the Wagon-boy." The Ohlo commun-ity of Corwin's boyhood was a community of pioneers—their dwellings of logs. The presiding justice first selected for the southwestern circuit of Ohio was not a lawyer, but qualified himself for admission to the bar by practice in his judicial capacity. The salary attached to the office was seven hundred and fifty dollars; at the bar the highest professional income was one thousand lollars. The common dress was of nomespun or buckskin; a professional man wore black and shaved himself. Corwin throughout his life was "Tom" Corwin. In 1828 one James Shields, a Jacksonian, was nominated for Congress against Corwin. In order to damage him irretrievably a certificate was published to the effect that prominent men of his own party had declared. among other things, that it was his hab it, on going to bed, to exchange his cambric shirt for a night shirt, and Corwin afterward confessed that it was this Jacksonian Democrats would never unite in support of a man who was too good to sleep in the same shirt he wore during the day. He once confided to some young man, who asked what he ought to pursue to achieve success in public life, "Be as solemn as an ass." But he did not guide his life by this axiom. His declaration in the Senate that were he a Mexican he would offer his own countrymen a welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves has become an oratorical commonplace. His translation of the impression produced by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency, "After that -who is safe?" is one of those jokes which are sure of a long life. In fact, he is remembered rather as a wit than

Some Humors of Marriage. Scarcely a week passes without bringing news of some couple who have

as a statesman.

found it necessary to emigrate temporarily generally into Wisconsin, but sometimes into Indiana, in order to get married.

It is one of the curiosities of the law that in one and the same place-here in Illinois, for example-it arrays all sorts of difficulties about the process of getting married, while leaving the way to getting unmarried comparatively unob-

structed. Beofre a youthful couple who sigh profoundly for an opportunity to become disenchanted with each other can enter upon the disenchanting process they must, if of less than a certain age, get the consent of their parents and comply with certain conditions about license or banns, and all this at the cost enormous a receptacle with air and of some money and trouble and embarrassment. It's all well enough. The law ought to stand guard over marbaldest and most porcless cranium. Of riages, only it might well take more pains to see that they are prudent. It does nothing in that way now. But it pays so much regard to the prejudices and obstinacy of certain people who are not directly concerned at all as to drive the industry out of the State into communities where the theory seems to be that marriage concerns nobody but the

contracting pair. The oddest part of the whole affair is that parents should persist in the obsolete notion that they have a right to say something about it. They ought to have learned by this time that there are some things which we can do for others and some things which each one of us can do for himself or herself alone, They ought to have found out that it is no more possible for them to choose or reject a wife or a husband for their son or daughter than it is possible for them to digest the dinner that son on daughter may eat.

As to having their consent asked or being consulted about the matter in advance, why-that's preposterous. They should be grateful if they learn about it in time to provide for themselves Chronicle.

"How are you getting along with the bleycle?" asked Miss Cayenne. "Better

Early Mining Laws. "The earliest mining laws were enacted, not by Congress, but by the min-

ers themselves in the mining districts," writes ex-President Harrison in the Ladles' Home Journal. "It is a curious fact that from 1849 to 1866, the period of the greatest development in the mining of gold, there was no law of the United States regulating the subject. The prospectors roamed over the public lands, located placer or quarts mines, and took out a fabulous store of gold, without any title whatever to the lands from which they dug this great store of wealth. They were in a strict sense trespassers. A policy to reserve mineral lands from sale under the general land laws had prevailed for many years, and had been expressed in suitable laws, but no provision had been made for the sale of such lands.

"In the land grants to the Pacific Ratiroad companies it was provided that mineral lands should not pass under the grants. The river beds, gulches and mountain sides were prospected by men who carried picks and basins in their hands, and a brace of pistols in their belts. They were affame with the lust of gold, and among them were many desperate men; but they had the Angle-Saxon instinct for organizing civil institutions, and his love of fair play. There were no mining laws, and a many places none of any sort. They met the emergency by a public meeting. which resolved itself into a legislative body with full powers, and made a code that did not cover a wide field, but covered their case. The limits of a claim and the distribution of the water supply were prescribed and established, and every man became a warrantor of every other man's title. These camp legislators had this advantage of Congress, and of all other legislative bodies that I know of—they had a good practical knowledge of the subjects they dealt with."

Photographs Not Good Evidence Photographic copies of an original, it a claimed, are not acceptable as proof before a court, inasmuch as the photographs may easily be changed to suit the wish. Expert picture makers can take a photograph, and by various processes secure a composite containing everal features desired that did not exist in the original.

A celebrated photographer of this city says that it is easy to show the body of one person with the head of another, or it is possible to insert certain features desired in a photograph. The producers of art photographs often use the form of one subject and the head of another, in order to obtain the most symmetrical results, and thus form a sort of composite picture.

"By the use of nitric acid," he says, "any part of the eliver-print photograph, the one commonly used, can be erased. If the picture were a platinum print, which is unlikely, the same effect could be secured by the use of aqua regia, or a liquid composed of a mixture of nitric and muriatic acids, which acts as a solvent for gold or platinum

It was shown that original signatures could be erased and others pasted or copied thereon, and then a photograph taken, from which it would seem that the result was a perfect photograph of an original paper.—Philadelphia Call.

Chinese Mail Bervice.

The mails in China are different from the postal arrangements of any other country in the world. In China the mail service is not in the hands of the Government, but is left to private persons to establish postal connection, how and wherever they please. Anybody may open a store and hang out a sign advertising that he is ready to accept setters to be forwarded to certain places or countries.

The result of this arrangement is that in populous towns there are a great number of persons accepting letters to be forwarded to all parts of the country; at Shanghai, for instance, there are not less than thirty-five hundred stores competing with each other and carrying on a war to the knife as far as rates are concerned.

This system, although having great faults, has some good qualities. There are several parties accepting letters in one certain town. The Chinese merchant who writes letters two or three times will patronize several of the concerns, and asks his correspondent to inform him which he got quickest. Having experimented for a while, he will select the firm giving the best service, but he always has the choice of several mailing agencies for his correspond-

Fed a Millionaire Unawares. Herbert Pritchard, a foreman on the Trenton cut-off branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, living at Heaton, Pa., tendered his resignation to the company, and has a public sale of his household goods advertised, reward for an act of kindness being the cause of his resignation. One day last week a shabbily attired young man came along by the house of Pritchard, and asked for something to eat. Without any hesitation his request was granted, and the tramp was taken into Pritchard's household and kept there for several days. The stranger informed his benefactor that his name was Flaschman, and that he was worth \$3,000,000 in his own right, and more over, that he would reward him with money as well as with friendship. Everything turned out as Flaschman stated. The young millionaire is absent from his home on account of religious differences. It is said he has already placed \$1,800 in Pritchard's keeping, and will shortly deed other property to him. He also induced Pritchard to resign his position, and the latter will henceforth act as companion to the millionaire. They are making arrangements to sall for Europe.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Not Original. Editor-I really cannot accept this poem, Mr. Conpal. It is simply nonsense, and the subject is not original. Poet-Well, you don't need to talk. proper wedding garments.-Chicago Your observation is not original either. Lots of editors have made the same remark to me already.—Judy.

"The wages of sin is death," quoted

the preacher. "If that is the case," remarked Mr. Grumps sotto voce, "there is a great delay in paying off some people I know."-New York Herald.

New Boring Apparatus.

An apparatus has been invented for

letermining the water level in boring ioles, experimental borings, etc. This apparatus consists of a metal cylinder divided in three compartments by means of two non-conducting dia phragms. The middle compartment contains a dry electric battery, one pole of which is connected with a chattering bell. At the bottom of cylinder is a spherical float. Directly the float reaches a certain depth, the contact is closed and the bell rung, and the measuring tape attached to the top of the apparatus with great case and accu-

An African Frontier Station. In the courty are buried two white nen, Bainbridge and Kydd, the only two whites previously in charge of the station, Kydd died first, and was bur led within the boma, a very unreason able notion; and Bainbridge, as a dy ing request, asked to be buried beside his companion. The two graves, couspicuously close to the station-house, form no cheerful prospect for their suc cessor, Watson, who is certainly philosophical, for he has told his people, it case he dies, he is to be buried outside the boma, so as to set a better example, as he drolly told me.-Century,

Teacher-Suppose you were a king Tommy, what would you do? Tommy-I'd never wash my face any more,-Woonsocket Reporter.

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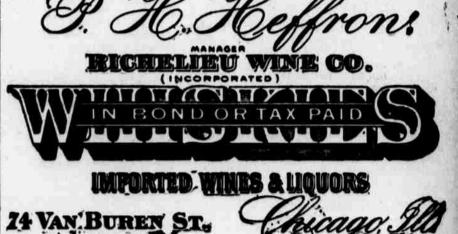
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